

*Fal.* Do so, for it is worth the listning to, these nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

*Prin.* So, two more already.

*Fal.* Their points being broken,

*Poines.* Downe fell his hose.

*Fal.* Began to giue me ground, but I followed me close, came in foot & hand, & with a thought, seuen of the eleuen I paid.

*Prin.* O monstrous! eleuen bukrom men grown out of two!

*Fal.* But as the diuell wold haue it, three mis-begottē knaues, in *Kendall* greene, came at my backe and let driue at me, for it was so darke, *Hal*, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

*Prin.* These lyes are like the father that begets thē, grosse as a moũtain, opē palpable. Why thou clay-braind guts, thou knotty-pated foole, thou horson obscene greasie tallow catch.

*Fal.* What? art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

*Prin.* Why how couldst thou know these men in *Kendall* greene, when it was so darke thou couldst not see thy hand? come tell vs your reason, What saist thou to this?

*Poines.* Come your reason lacke, your reason.

*Fal.* What, vpon compulsion? Zounds, and I were at the strappado, or al the racks in the world, I would not tel you on compulsion. Giue you a reason on compulsion? if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would giue no man a reason vpon compulsion, I.

*Prin.* He be no longer guiltie of this sin. This sanguine coward, this bed-preiser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh.

*Fal.* Zbloud you staruling, you elfskin, you dried neats tong, buls-pizzell, you stock-fish: O for breath to vtter what is like thee: you taylers yard, you sheath, you bowcase, you vile standing tucke.

*Prin.* Wel, breath a while, and then to it againe, & when thou hast tired thy selfe in base cōparisons, hear me speak but thus.

*Poyn.* Marke, lacke.

*Prin.* We two, saw you foure, set on foure & bound them, & were masters of their welth: marke now how a plaine tale shal put you downe: then did we two set on you foure, and with a word

word, outfac'd you from your prize, & haue it, yea, & can shew it you here in the house: and *Falstaffe*, you carried your guts away as nimble, with as quick dexterity, & roared for mercy, and still run and roare, as euer I heard Bul-calf. Whata slaue art thou to hack thy sword as thou hast done, & then say it was in fight? what tricke? what deuice? what starting hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparant shame?

*Poyn.* Come lets heare *lacke*, what tricke hast thou now?

*Fal.* By the Lord, I knew yee as well as hee that made yee. Why heare you my maisters, was it for mee, to kill the Heire apparant? should I turne vpon the true Prince? VVhy, thou knowest I am as valiant as *Hercules*: but beware instinct, the Lion will not touch the true Prince, instinct is a great matter. I was a Coward on instinct, I shall thinke the better of my selfe, and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant Lion, and thou for a true Prince: but, by the Lord Lads, I am glad you haue the money. Hostesse clap to the doores, watch to night, pray to morrow: Gallants, Lads, Boyes, Hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you. What, shall we be merry? shall wee haue a Play extempore?

*Prin.* Content, and the argument shall bee, thy running away.

*Fal.* A, no more of that *Hal*, & thou louest me. Enter Hostesse.

*Hof.* O Iesu, my Lord the Prince!

*Prin.* How now my Lady the Hostesse, what saist thou to me?

*Hof.* Marry, my L, there is a Noble man of the court, at doore would speake with you: he sayes he comes from your father.

*Prin.* Giue him as much as will make him a Royall man, and send him backe againe to my mother.

*Fal.* What manner of man is he?

*Hof.* An old man.

*Fal.* What doth grauitie out of his Bed at midnight? Shall I giue him his answer?

*Prin.* Prethee doe *lacke*.

*Fal.* Fayth, and I send him packing.

*Prin.* Now sirs: birlady you fought faire, so did you *Peto*, so did you *Randol*, you are Lyons too, you ran away vpon instinct, you will not touch the true Prince, no fie.

*Bar.* Faith, I ran when I saw others runne.

E

Prince.